



The Family Circle.

ANOTHER ME.

[An answer to Grace Denio Litchfield's poem "My Other Me."]

O children in the valley,
Do you ever chance to meet
A little maid I used to know,
With lightly tripping feet?
Her name is Alice, and her heart
Is happy as the day;
I pray you, greet her kindly,
If she should cross your way.

But you needn't bring her back to me;
To tell the truth, you know,
I have no wish to be again
That child of long ago.

Of course, it's lovely to be young,
Sheltered from heat and cold;
But let me whisper in your ear;
"It's nice, too, to be old."

You see, my lessons are all learned;
Avoir and *etre* I know
Clear through, subjunctive, *que* and all,
That used to bother so.

Geometry I touch no more;
And history I read
Instead of learning it by heart
As I had to once, indeed.

It's true, I don't read fairy tales
With quite the zest of yore;
But then I write them with a zest
I never felt before.

Of course, I'm very old; but then,
If I wish to play, you see,
There is up here upon the heights
Another little me.

He's ten years old and he's a boy;
A mischievous young elf;
But I like him every bit as well
As I used to like myself.

You needn't send that little girl,
Whose heart was full of joy,
Back to me now; I'd rather keep,
Instead of her, my boy!

Don't fear to climb, dear children,
So slowly day by day,
Out of the happy valley
Up to the heights away.

I know it's lovely to be young,
Sheltered from heat and cold;
But let me whisper in your ear:
"It's nicer to be old."

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

—St. Nicholas.

"HAVE YOU SEEN MOSE-S?"

BY EVELYN RAYMOND.

It was the saddest sound I ever heard.
The first day it set my mind continually
wandering from the work in hand; on the
second it exasperated me; but on the
third I felt that I must answer the mourn-
ful question in the affirmative or go mad.

"Have you seen—Mose-s?"

Over and over again, with its pathetic
iteration, its little catching of the breath
before the final word, and that emphasis
upon the second one which made it such a
personal matter. I heard it from the bar
across the hall, from among the group of
loungers on the hotel stoop, beside me at
the post-office window, all up and down
the straggling street—everywhere through-
out the small mining town in which the
interests of my employers had stranded me.

To the credit of my kind I must say that
I rarely heard an impatient retort given
to the appealing inquiry. Rough miners
would break off in the middle of an oath
and answer with unlooked-for gentleness:
"No, Pop; I hain't seen him."

Some would merely smile and shake
their heads kindly, and one exceptional
brute would thrust his hand in his vest-
pocket—the abomination of the chestnut-
bell had just gravitated to Boomville—and
ring his little admonition in the other's
ear. He had done this for the second
time within my hearing and within the
space of an hour, when I could bear it no
longer. I wheeled around from the table,

strewn with the company's maps and charts,
and demanded, savagely: "Who is that
man, and what does he mean by that eter-
nal question?"

The landlady—she was landlord as well,
her husband being a poor thing with good
clothes on—stopped dusting and looked at
me gratefully. She had disturbed my soli-
tude unceremoniously enough, and I had
at first resented it; till I found out that
the poor creature had come "from Cawn-
cord way," and was suffering for news of
far-off New Hampshire. After satisfying
her to the best of my ability, and having
regretfully assured her that I did not know
"the Dows from 'round Contoocook," she
had still hovered near me. She felt, no
doubt, that I had almost the claim of re-
lationship upon her hospitality because I
had passed through Concord on my way
to the West, and had had the good fortune
to be born among the granite hills of her
native State.

She sat down near me. "The poor
fellow is—well, nobody knows, exactly.
He came to Boomville some months ago.
He had a son with him, and he told me
that it was on account of the boy's health.
He bought a little tract of land out toward
the gulch, and put up a shanty. He didn't
seem to care much whether he made any
money or not. If the boy felt like work,
work it was; if he didn't, it was all one to
his father. So it 'peared, any way. He
was the handsomest young chap that ever
set foot in this city"—the "city" boasted
one street and a few houses—"but any one
could see at a glance that he wasn't right
in his head."

"Insanity?"

"No; it didn't 'pear that way. I kind
of pieced it out that the boy, Moses, had
been at college and overworked. The
father hadn't no learning to speak of—not
more'n the general run of folks; but that's
common enough in New England. There's
nothing a Yankee thinks so much of as
education. If the parents don't have a
chance themselves they will try all the
harder to give their children a show."

"What did you say the man's name
was?"

"I didn't say. I don't know. That's
the worst of it—nobody knows. The old
man—though I ought not to call him that,
for he isn't more than fifty—used to say to
the boy: 'Mose-s—same's you hear him
now—but the boy himself never was heard
to say anything that folks could under-
stand.'"

"Yet when they bought their land there
must have been some name revealed in the
transaction."

"I suppose there was. Only the com-
pany he dealt with all went to smash a few
days afterward, and their agent vanished.
They didn't have any more right to the
land, anyhow, than you or I have, and you
know how much that is. Nobody molested
the pair, and they would have been there
yet if it hadn't have been for the cyclone."

"Did it blow their wits away?" It was
such tedious work getting at the few facts
of the old man's story, that I was fast los-
ing my patience.

The landlady looked at me in mild re-
proach, as if I had jested with a sacred
subject. I found that I had.

"That is exactly what it did do."

"What?" I cried, in astonishment. The
woman seemed to expect me to believe her
startling statement.

"That is exactly what it did do," she
repeated with grave distinctness. "It
swept through the gulch, and there wasn't
much dirt left when it got done its work,
now I can tell you. Afterward, when the
men from here went up to the camp to see
if anybody was left alive, they found 'Pop'
lying in the bottom of the canon. They
thought he was dead at first, and started to
bring him into town just to bury him; but
Jim Corson, the veterinary, he said that he
reckoned there was some little life left
in the man, and after he had worked over
him a spell he found that he was right.
We pieced it out that he had been blown
off the bluff where his cabin had stood and
landed in the ravine; but whatever became
of 'Mose-s,' no one has heard from that day
to this. 'Pop'—he goes by that name
everywhere now, seeing that he doesn't
know any other—was sick more'n a month
right here in this house. I tended him,
and I never heard him say one thing the
whole 'during time, only just that heart-
breakin' question, 'Have you seen—

Mose-s?' He had struck his head, and
every other idee 'peared to have left it ex-
cept that he had lost his boy and must find
him. Here he comes, now. Be kind to
him, neighbor: how do you know but that
he hails from Cawn-cord?"

How, indeed? Yet, even without that
recommendation to my sympathy, I should
have been "kind" to the harmless mental
wreck whom chance had thrown in my
path.

He attached himself to me from the be-
ginning, and in a short time became the
constant companion of my walks. He was
always silent, save for that pitiful query
which it is quite likely that I heard less
than any one else, but which after a long
interval of silence he would suddenly pro-
pound. He would toss back the iron-gray
locks from his worn face and look up into
my eyes with that wide, wondering glance
of his: "Have you—seen Mose-s?" and
would impassively receive my sorrowful,
negative shake of the head. Evidently he
expected no other reply; that is, if his
brain had any power of expectation left
within its convolutions.

When I left Boomville, I parted from
"Pop" with real regret. He was so pa-
tient, so faithful, so unobtrusive, that his
society was more like that of some devoted
animal than of any human being; and
those who had lived much with the com-
panionship of a favorite dog or horse will
understand that there are times when their
silent presence is vastly more agreeable
than that of one's own kind.

As I journeyed farther into the wilds,
sometimes meeting not more than one or
two fellow-creatures in the course of a long
day's ride, I found myself recurring with
strange persistence to "Pop's" pathetic
story, and half impelled to ask of each tra-
veller whom I met: "Have you seen—
Mose-s?"

What had become of the poor lad whose
studiousness had been his ruin? Was he
still alive? Had death set a final seal of
silence upon his ruddy lips, or opened them
to the freer speech of a larger life?

I do not now remember when it was im-
pressed upon me that I should yet "see
Mose-s;" but I became imbued with the
idea very shortly after leaving Boomville.
I did not go about making the inquiry
which now seemed so natural to me, but I
kept my eyes and ears well open. If
Moses were still alive—and, probable as it
might be, no proof of his death had ever
yet been found—he could not have wan-
dered very far away from the scene of the
accident which had injured his father's
brain.

He had been described to me as an ex-
tremely willing and handsome lad. Every
one, white men and Indians alike, had
been kind to him; there was an appeal in
his silent helplessness which no one could
resist.

The hopeful possibility was that he had
attached himself to some company of trap-
pers or miners; and as my business led me
to visit many camps, I had an excellent
opportunity of searching for the missing
lad. I was the more determined in my
endeavor by the thought that his restora-
tion to his father might also serve to clear
that father's clouded intelligence. For
"Pop's" trouble was not insanity; I agreed
with the landlady in that. It was a total
suspension of memory and interest save on
one point. It was like a clog in machinery
that is only a temporary hinderance, and
of no permanent injury once it is removed.

I was not at all surprised when I found
him. I knew him at once from the de-
scription I had had, and from the intuition
that I was destined so to do.

He was washing dishes in a mining camp
where I had stopped to pass the night,
and, as good fortune had it, I was on my
return trip toward Boomville. After
watching him closely for a little while I
asked the miner sitting next me in the
circle around the fire: "Where did that
boy come from?"

"Hm-m; thar ye've got me, stranger.
He come—nobody know from whar. He
jest crawled inter camp one day, 'long last
spring, e'ena most dead with hunger, an'
wore ter a shadder trampin'. When the
boys ast him ter give er'count of hisself—
he jest lookee at 'em an' laid right down
on ther groun' an' went ter sleep. We
see 't he was clean beat out, an'—wall, we
jest fed him an' took keer on him, so bein'
's he didn't 'pear ter know 'nough ter take

keer on hisself. An' that's—all I er any-
body knows."

"Does he never speak?"

"Look here! How d'ye ever come ter
ast that, I'd like ter know? Ever seen him
afore? Er heern tell on him?"

I told him the story of poor "Pop's"
misfortunes, the disappearance of his son,
and my own ideas concerning it.

(To be Continued.)

HOW TO TAKE PART IN PRAYER- MEETING.

Be yourself. Do not try to be anybody
else. I heard of some girls who said they
would not take part in meeting because
they could not talk like a certain young
lady who attended. Suppose you are in-
vited to take tea with a family consisting of
a father, a mother, a young lady daughter,
a boy twelve years old and a little girl four
years old. You sit down to the table, and
every one feels perfectly free. The father
gives an item of news, perhaps about the
President's trip. The mother tells some-
thing which she heard when calling the
day before. The young lady describes an
experiment tried at the high school. The
boy repeats some verses which his teacher
taught him. And by-and-by the little
girl makes you all laugh by telling how the
dog ran away with her doll. You think
what a nice, pleasant family! how I am
enjoying my visit!

On the other hand, suppose the little
girl should say to herself, "Because I do
not go to school, I am not going to say
anything;" and the boy, "Because I am
not in the high school, I am not going to
say anything;" and the young lady, "Be-
cause I cannot talk like father and mother,
I am not going to say anything." So they
keep still. What would you think! Some-
thing like this, I imagine, "I wish I were
at home; what a stiff family!"

Sometimes, I am afraid, when strangers
come into your prayer-meeting, they wish
they were at home, and think you are stiff-
cause so many keep still. A prayer-meet-
ing should be like a family circle, where
every one, from the oldest to the youngest,
feels perfectly free to speak of the things
which are helping or hindering him in his
spiritual life.—*Golden Rule.*

THE MASTER'S LETTER.

"James, I want you to come and see
me at six o'clock, after you have left the
works.

"Yours faithfully,——"

Promptly at the time the young man
waited on his master, who had written him
the above letter. When he entered the
room, after a pause the gentleman looked
up from his desk, and inquired, "Do you
wish to see me, James?"

Somewhat surprised, holding out the
note he had received, he said, "The letter,
sir; the letter you sent me."

"Oh! I see; you got my letter. You
believe I wanted to see you, and when I
sent you the message, you came at once."

"Yes, sir, surely; what else could I do?"

"Well, James, you did quite right to
come. See, here is another letter for you;
will you attend to that?"

At the same time his master handed him
a paper which he had written. James took
hold of the paper, and read, "Come unto
me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest."

As he read, his lips quivered, his eyes
filled with tears. Thrusting his hand into
his pocket, he grasped his large red hand-
kerchief, with which he covered his face,
and there stood, not knowing what to do.
At length he said, "Am I just to believe
in the same way that I believed your
letter?"

"Just in the same way," was the reply.
"If we receive the witness of men, the
witness of God is greater." (1 John 5. 9.)

That night James saw it all, and went
home a happy believer in his Lord and
Saviour Jesus Christ. He saw that he
had to believe God and give him the same
credit and confidence that he would give
to the word or message of any trustworthy
or business man that he met with in his
daily life.—*Exchange.*

WHAT are aims which are at the same
time duties? They are the perfecting of
ourselves; the happiness of others.